k T. I.

FAITH TRIUMPHANT,

EXEMPLIFIED

In the DEATH of Mrs. T——.

She died MONDAY the 29th of APRIL 1771,

OF A CHILD-BED FEVER, EIGHT DAYS AFTER HER DELIVERY OF HER TWELFTH CHILD.

AGED THIRTY-SEVEN.

PSAL. lxvi. 16. Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCLXXI.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

TO MY BELOVED

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

THE applications I have had from ſo many of you to write out copies of my dear deceaſed wife's Death-bed Sayings, ſoon convinced me of the impoſſibility of my being able to gratify your deſire: I therefore reſolved ſome time ago, to cauſe print a number of them for your uſe. I hope you will excuſe its not being done ſooner, which was occaſioned, partly by the nature of the ſubject, and partly by a multiplicity of buſineſs.

HAD I intended the following pages for the eye of the public, it would have been proper to have given ſome further account of the amiable Author; but to you who had acceſs to know her, this is unneceſſary.

WHAT was ſaid of one of diſtinguiſhed literary merit, "That while he lived, none but his few ſelect friends knew he was a firſt-rate poet," may be now properly ſaid of her as a Chriſtian: for while others, like the ſhallow brook, are more noiſy, ſhe like the deep river, went ſilently on in her

courſe, though making much greater progreſs in the way to heaven. It is no wonder then that her latter end ſhould ſo remarkably increaſe. This, I know well, is not the privilege of all Chriſtians when they are about to leave the world. The Lord, for wiſe and gracious purpoſes unknown to us, has oftentimes ſuffered the ſun of his people to ſet in a cloud. Nevertheleſs, the uncommon attainments of thoſe on that important occaſion, who were diſtinguiſhed in their lives for humility, ſelf-denial, cloſe walking with God, and dependence on the grace of Chriſt, ſhould encourage ſurvivors to ſtudy to follow their example, as the beſt means of obtaining, through the bleſſed Mediator, in the views of death, the ſmiles of their covenant God, and the joyful hope of a glorious immortality.

THAT your peruſal of the following pages may, through the bleſſing of God, anſwer theſe valuable ends, is the hearty prayer of

Your affectionate and
ready ſervant for Chriſt's ſake,

A. 0C 58

Portland-ſtreet, Mary-le-bone,
25th Sept. 1771.

J. T.

FAITH TRIUMPHANT, &c.

SEVERAL months before ſhe died, ſhe had impreſſions of death, and impreſſions of her dying in child-birth, or ſoon after. Upon her being aſked one day by her huſband, what made her entertain ſuch apprehenſions; ſhe ſaid, "She felt a fixed pain in her left ſide, which ſhe never had with any of her other children, and was ſure it was a dangerous ſymptom, and would end in her death."

THE third day after her delivery, 24th April, ſhe ſaid to Mrs. D—n and her huſband, "I am dying, but none of you are ſenſible of it. I deſire, my dear, you will call two hoſpital phyſicians; not that I think they can ſave my life, but to ſave you all ground of reflection after I am gone."

ON Saturday before ſhe died, ſhe ſpoke with great compoſure. "I now ſee plainly I am to die; but the great work is done many years ago: I know in whom I have believed, and I am not afraid of Death. My plan of earthly happineſs is indeed broke through. I longed to get back to my native country, and when Providence brought me and my family here, I found every thing agreeable to my wiſhes. The continuance of ſuch

comfort was the only thing left for me to deſire, and now that my Father in heaven ſees it meet to take me from all, I dare not, I cannot repine, but rather believe and ſay, ALL IS WELL."

ABOUT two o'clock on Sabbath morning, the 28th April, ſhe ſaid to Mrs. D—n, ſhe had not long to live, and deſired her to call her huſband. This Mrs. D—n objected to at that early hour, thinking it a pity to call him up, as he was but juſt gone to reſt, and told her ſhe was no worſe than ſhe had been for ſome days paſt. Nothing however could ſatisfy her till ſhe ſaw him; and Mrs. D—n called him up. When he went to the bed-ſide, ſhe eagerly graſped his hand, complained her ſpirits were diſcompoſed at being denied ſeeing him, (whom ſhe called) her chiefeſt earthly comfort: ſaid, "She had not long to live, and hoped he would not leave her while ſhe had breath left." He aſked her if ſhe had taken any thing lately: to which ſhe anſwered, "I could take nothing, and I could not be eaſy till I ſaw you: I will now take any thing from your own hand you pleaſe, and let us ſpend the ſhort remaining ſpace of our being together, in a way that will be moſt edifying to us both. I am ſorry, my dear, I was obliged to call you up. I know you cannot do without reſt," &c.

NOT long after, ſhe was ſeized with a kind of convulſion fit, in which ſhe lay about half an hour.

Her

Her coming out of it firſt appeared by her lips beginning to move, and then ſhe ſpoke like one in a dream; "I'm coming, I'm coming, coming, coming." In a little ſhe revived, and appeared quite ſenſible and compoſed. She looked at her huſband and ſaid, "My dear, I have been at a feſtival." 'A feſtival!' anſwered he, 'My deareſt, what do you mean?' "Yes," replied ſhe, "a feſtival, a moſt glorious feſtival, in company with the moſt noble perſonages, that mortal eyes ever beheld. Indeed, my dear, I cannot deſcribe their glorious forms. I was preſent at the coronation of the king and queen, and ſaw there all the glory of man; but the king and queen in their coronation robes, with their brilliant diadems, were not to be compared with them. One ſaid, 'Siſter, come away.' Another ſaid, 'Siſter, come away.' A third ſaid, 'Siſter, come away.' And every one of them beckoned me and ſaid, 'Come, come away.' Upon which I anſwered, 'I'm coming, I'm coming, coming, coming.' Don't you ſee them? There ſtands one of them juſt behind you, my dear; and at the opening of the curtain at the back of the bed near Mrs. D—n, I yet ſee a ſtream of that inexpreſſibly beautiful rainbow-light which attended another, who is diſappeared. The fineſt colours of the painter can give you no idea of it. O! who would wiſh to tarry behind?"

She lay ſtill for a little, as if employed in ſilent holy admiration, and then began; "For ſome days paſt I have had many a hard ſtruggle at the thoughts of leaving ſo many dear, very dear earthly connections. I loved my huſband, I loved my children, I loved my houſe, I loved my dear old and new friends in this place; and if it had been the will of my heavenly Father, I would have been glad to have enjoyed ſome years comfort longer with them in the body, and ſeen my children more advanced in life; but this I no longer wiſh for, having a deſire to depart and to be with Chriſt, which is far better. To be with Chriſt, who is the brightneſs of his father's glory and the expreſs image of his perſon; who is infinitely fairer than the ſons of men or of angels: in whoſe preſence there is fulneſs of joy, and at whoſe right hand there are pleaſures for ever more: who is gone to prepare a place for his people, and who will come again to receive them to himſelf, (according to his bleſſed word) that where he is, there they may be alſo to behold his glory. Then, O then, I ſhall ſing without wearineſs and without fainting, the ſong of the redeemed above: 'Unto him that hath 'loved us and waſhed us from our ſins in his own 'blood, and hath made us kings and prieſts unto 'God, even the father: to him be glory for ever and 'ever. In whom we have redemption through his 'blood, the forgiveneſs of ſins, according to the 'riches

'riches of his grace.' Then ſhall I know the meaning, the full meaning of that ſweet paſſage of Scripture, 'Theſe are they who have come out of 'great tribulation, and whoſe robes are waſhed and 'made white in the blood of the Lamb: therefore 'are they before the throne:' therefore are they before the throne! They ſhall hunger no more, neither thirſt any more, neither ſhall the ſun light on them, nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the midſt of the throne ſhall feed them, and ſhall lead them unto fountains of waters, and God ſhall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and there ſhall be no more death, neither ſorrow nor crying, neither ſhall there be any more pain: nor any more ſin: nor any more ſin! O bleſſed thought! for the former things are paſſed away. Surely, ſurely, when He who is my life ſhall appear, then ſhall I alſo appear with him in glory: yea, though I have been a poor, ſinful, ill-deſerving and hell-deſerving creature, I ſhall appear with him in glory; for I am complete in him: he hath loved me with an everlaſting love, and clothed me with the long and wide robe of his righteouſneſs, his bleſſed righteouſneſs. Through him I have fought a good fight, I have finiſhed my courſe, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteouſneſs.

"OFTEN, too often have I been ſilent in his praiſe. My harp many times hung upon the willows while I ſojourned in the wilderneſs; but I

am now almoſt done with all theſe clogs of this body of death. I am a-going to a place where the chief employment of the inhabitants is praiſe; where the king's daughters ſhall be introduced with gladneſs and rejoicing; where there ſhall not be a miſtuned voice or a wandering heart. Come, let me try as I can, while I am on this ſide Jordan, to ſing an hymn to the honour of Jeſus."

HERE ſhe began and ſweetly ſung two hymns. The firſt, was the 76th of the firſt Book of Dr. Watts' Hymns.

When ſtrangers ſtand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may ſeek and love him too.

My beſt beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he deſcends and ſhows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order ſtand;
He feeds among the ſpicy beds,
Where lilies ſhow their ſpotleſs heads.

He has engroſs'd my warmeſt love,
No earthly charms my ſoul can move;
I have a manſion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell ſhall make us part.

He

He takes my ſoul ere I'm aware,
And ſhows me where his glories are:
No chariot of Amminadib,
The heav'nly rapture can deſcribe.

O may my ſpirit now ariſe
On wings of faith above the ſkies,
'Till death ſhall make my laſt remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.

The ſecond hymn ſhe ſung, was that of Mr. Grant's in Edinburgh, entitled, THE SUPPOSED SONG OF A SOUL JUST ENTERED HEAVEN.

Why was unbelieving I,
Trembling, ſo afraid to die?
Now my feet in ſafety ſtand,
Here within the promis'd land.
Hallelujah.

O what wond'rous grace is here!
Now I'm ſafe from ev'ry fear;
Sin and doubts are ever gone,
Sighing ſhall no more be known.
Hallelujah.

Henceforth neither grief nor pain,
Here ſucceſſive pleaſures reign;
All things our hoſannahs raiſe.
O the glories of this place!
Hallelujah.

O ye perfect happy ones,
Let me try to join your tunes!
Come let us exalt the Lamb,
Singing ever to his name.
Hallelujah.

He our full redemption wrought,
He for us this glory bought:
From the earth he calls us home,
To our father's houſe we're come.
Hallelujah.

Oft in Kedar's tents I try'd,
When his lovely face was hid,
With my friends to raiſe this ſong;
But it languiſh'd on my tongue.
Hallelujah.

Jeſus now unveils his face;
Here I ſhout of ſov'reign grace;
Fill'd with love inceſſant cry
To his praiſe in raptures high,
Hallelujah.

O my drooping friends below,
Did you half this glory know,
Daily would ye ſtretch the wing,
Here to fly and thus to ſing,
Hallelujah.

When ſhe had done, ſhe ſaid, "O what a poor feeble attempt is this! Well may it be called only liſping out the praiſe of my God and Redeemer; but

but when I get yonder, I ſhall ſing with the beſt of them; or I ſhall at leaſt try to do it: for ſure I am, there is not one there that has better reaſon to ſing his praiſe than I have. I and all the ranſomed of the Lord ſhall return with him from judgment to the Zion above, with ſongs and everlaſting joy upon our heads, and ſorrow and ſighing ſhall fly away for ever and ever. Amen."

It is remarkable, that while ſhe was thus ſpeaking and ſinging, ſhe appeared as ſhe uſed to do when in perfect health, though with greater vivacity. Her countenance glowed, her eyes ſparkled, and her voice was ſtrong. Her huſband and Mrs. D—n were affected with ſuch heavenly exerciſes, in a way they cannot deſcribe. They liſtened all the while as if they had been ſitting at the feet of an angel, or ſome of the juſt made perfect, ſpeaking the language of the new Jeruſalem; and wiſhed they had had, with her, ſo near a proſpect of being done with the world and entering into the joy of their Lord.

At another time ſhe ſaid to her huſband: "My dear, we muſt now part. Many comfortable days we have had together. Few are acquainted with the happineſs we enjoyed in each other's company. I loved you, and was in danger of giving you too much place in my heart. I know too you loved me, and have been all along a moſt indulgent huſband to me; but you are now no longer mine.

Do

Do, therefore, kneel down and reſign me cheerfully up to him from whom you received me. I have been endeavouring to reſign you." Her huſband prayed.

Some time after ſhe ſaid to him: "I know, my dear, God will take care of you; I have therefore no anxiety about you: but O! my children, my dear children, what will become of my poor motherleſs children?" Her huſband anſwered, 'My deareſt, do not give yourſelf ſo much uneaſineſs about the children: the God whom you ſerve, who has led you and fed you all your days, into whoſe hands we have often together committed them, will care for them: and beſides, you know I have the heart of a father, and love my children as parts of myſelf.' She ſaid, "I truſt and believe God will take care of them; but O! my dear, be tender of them, and particularly of my dear ſweet Betſy; and" &c.

About one o'clock, ſome gentlewomen belonging to the church came in to ſee her. "You are come (ſaid ſhe) to ſee your miniſter's wife a-dying. I have frequently had ſweet ſpiritual converſe with you: you know I have, and I truſt it was not in vain to our ſouls. Be kind to your miniſter when I am gone: I hope you will. He has been a loving huſband to me, and he will, I doubt not, be more and more a faithful paſtor among you. Some of you too are bleſſed with good huſbands, that fear the Lord: O be ſenſible of, and thankful for the privilege.

privilege. They are your valuable companions in life, partners of all your joys and ſorrows; but what is beſt of all, they are your ſpiritual counſellors, and will ſtrengthen your hands in the work of the Lord."

AFTER pauſing a little ſhe ſaid: "O the love of Chriſt which paſſeth knowledge! and what am I that I ſhould ever have been a partaker of it? Not unto me, not unto me, but unto thy name, O Lord, be the glory. I did love the Lord Jeſus, and many delightful hours of fellowſhip I have had with him in his bleſſed ordinances: but all theſe I have now done with. Farewel ordinances."

HERE again ſhe pauſed a little, and then began: "Though I am young, at leaſt younger than ſome of you, yet you ſee I muſt die; and dying-work is hard work, dying-work is hard work." Her huſband anſwered, 'My deareſt, the Lord's preſence will make it eaſy work.' "O! were it not for that (replied ſhe) death and dying would be terrible indeed. He is faithful, he is faithful, and why ſhall I doubt his being with me when I am walking through the dark valley of the ſhadow of death? and, O! when I get to the other ſide, I ſhall ſoon forget all that's paſt."

AGAIN ſhe was ſeized with a convulſion fit, and when ſhe recovered a little, ſhe continued her edifying diſcourſe, as if ſhe had been only all the while recollecting herſelf, viz. "O Heaven, Heaven, what a bleſſed place will it be! What is

all the grandeur of this world when compared with the glories of the mount Zion above! and how much more excellent than this world of ſin, and pain, and ſorrow!—No hypocrite there; no tempting devil there; no gay, flattering, deluſive vanity there; no unbelieving wandering heart there; no wearineſs of worſhip there; no ſpots, no imperfection there. There I ſhall ſee my God and Redeemer face to face: there I ſhall enjoy in perfection the uninterrupted comforts of the great Comforter: there I ſhall know the true meaning of that bleſſed paſſage of Scripture; 'We are come unto mount 'Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the 'heavenly Jeruſalem, and to an innumerable 'company of angels, to the general aſſembly and 'church of the firſt-born which are written in 'heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the 'ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, and to Jeſus the 'mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of 'ſprinkling that ſpeaketh better things than that of 'Abel.' There I ſhall meet with the great number of my dear Chriſtian friends that are gone before: there I ſhall meet my beloved father and mother, and brothers: there I ſhall meet my dear dear ſiſter. Surely ſhe will be glad to ſee me. Methinks I ſee her yonder coming to meet me on Emmanuel's ſhore, ready to give me the welcome. And there, my dear huſband, I hope by and by to meet you, with all the amiable children God has given us. We ſhall live and we ſhall ſing praiſe together,

together, never never to be parted more. Fly, moments fly! Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly; make no long tarrying, O my God. But I cannot come, I cannot come." Here ſhe ſtretched out her arms like a bird on the wing ready to mount into the air, and again ſaid with great emotion, "I cannot come. I feel my fettered ſoul as it were knocking againſt my breaſt; but it cannot eſcape from this priſon: it muſt wait the appointed hour. Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly; make no long tarrying, O my God."

AFTER theſe gentlewomen were gone, ſhe lay quiet for ſome time, and having taken a little refreſhment ſpoke: "The Lord gave me early impreſſions of religion; and I bleſs his name he drew me to himſelf, by the cords of love, before the vanities of life began to tempt me. The reading of Mrs Houſeman's Life was the means of my being firſt awakened; and by a bleſſed variety of ordinances and providences, he hath hitherto carried on the good work in my ſoul. I remember when I was very young, with what pleaſure I uſed to ſit with my mother, and hear her ſpeak upon religion. She made me get by heart many of Dr. Watts' ſweet Hymns, which were then, and have been often often ſince refreſhing to my ſoul. And with what ſacred pleaſure have I many times feaſted on the heavenly manna, when attending the

the ordinances, both under the worthy Dr. Guyſe, and your miniſtrations, my dear huſband?"

HERE ſhe was interrupted with another convulſion fit; and when ſhe came out of it ſhe proceeded: "O the dear congregation of Swallow-ſtreet! I loved that dear people. Many times I have taken ſweet counſel together with them in the houſe of the Lord; and ſometimes when I have been ſitting with them at the communion-table, my heart was ſo full of the love of Chriſt, that it was with difficulty I could ſit upon my ſeat, or contain myſelf from ſpeaking aloud, what I felt, what I ſaw, what I handled, and what I taſted of the word of life. But theſe were only foretaſtes of the entertainment of heaven; a rill iſſuing from the fountain of life in the paradiſe of God. Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly."

SHE then ſaid to her huſband, "Do, my dear, help me to repeat that poem you know I always liked, THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S SOLILOQUY." He repeated the firſt line, and ſhe ſaid, "O ay!" and began herſelf.

I.

Vital ſpark of heavenly flame!
Quit, Oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II. Hark!

II.

Hark! they whiſper; angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit, come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite,
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy ſting?

When ſhe had done, ſhe ſaid, "What excellent verſes are theſe! They are indeed admirably ſuited to one in my circumſtances. Every ſentence is the language of my heart and experience."

AFTER lying compoſed for ſome time, ſhe ſaid, "Surely the Lord doth all things well. I remember I uſed to repine at the death of ſome of my children, and think God dealt hardly by me; but now I know aſſuredly, that he doth all things well, and orders all things wiſely and graciouſly for his people. Out of theſe eaters he hath brought forth meat to my ſoul, and out of theſe ſtrong ones ſweetneſs."

ONE time when ſhe fainted, her huſband held a bottle of hartſhorn drops to her noſtrils, and ſhe ſoon came

came out of it. When ſhe was able to ſpeak, ſhe ſaid, "My dear, I thank you for this and all your kindneſs; but it won't do, it won't do, and you might ſave yourſelf the trouble; for all you can now do, I am ſenſible, cannot keep off death one moment, and that moment is at no great diſtance from me.—You may have yet many years to live in the world, and, I hope, you will find them years of comfort; but I muſt leave you, and the places which once knew me ſhall know me no more: but though I am gone I am not loſt, though I am parted from you it is only for a ſeaſon: He will raiſe it up at the laſt day, and we ſhall be for ever with the Lord."

When her huſband was ſpeaking of the privileges of the Chriſtian Sabbath in this land of goſpel-light and liberty: "Ay, (ſaid ſhe) I remember this-day-fortnight, when you was preparing to go out to meeting. I regretted that I could not go along with you, once more to eat bread with you and the dear people in Swallow-ſtreet, in the temple below; but bleſſed be his name, I was not altogether diſappointed. You happened, or rather you was providentially directed to leave a little book* upon your table, in which I met with ſomething that was truly refreſhing to my ſoul. By that the Lord made up to me the want of the communion I ſo much longed for at his own table; and I truſt,

* Dr. Groſvenor's Advice to Mourners.

yea

yea I know, it was a foretaſte of that infinitely more deſirable communion I ſhall by and by enjoy within the veil, at that table which ſhall never be drawn."

She called for the young child, and when it was brought to her, ſhe looked at it tenderly, and ſaid, "Poor dear little creature! you are not made for this world. Perhaps you may die at the ſame time with myſelf; if not, you will not ſurvive me long †."

To her two eldeſt ſons, (the one ſixteen and the other fifteen years of age) ſhe ſaid: "You are going to loſe your mother. O ſeek the Lord while you are young. You will never repent it. I ſought him while I was of your age, and I bleſs his name for it now. Beware of the follies of this giddy age, and beware of bad company in this wicked place. Let me beſeech you not to go to plays and ſuch places, thoſe dangerous traps of poor, inconſiderate, unexperienced youth. Follow the advice and example of your worthy father, and I truſt you ſhall be growing comforts to him."

When ſhe ſaw her daughter, (about eight years of age) "O my Betſy! (did ſhe ſay with great emotion) my dear Betſy, my ſweet creature!" She wanted to ſay ſomething to her; but ſhe was too much affected to utter a word. Silent tears

† The dear infant, though then in health, only ſurvived the mother eight days.

flowed from her eyes, and she fell into another convulsion fit, which lasted some time.

After recovering from a strong convulsion fit, she said: "Oh! this poor afflicted body! in a little I shall be delivered from it and all its incumbrances. Soon, soon it must drop into the grave, and there (blessed be God) it will be refined. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown a natural, it is raised a spiritual body. For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes behold, and not another, though my reins be consumed within me. And my Lord (glory be to his name) will change this vile body, and fashion it like unto his own glorious body. He will, he will; and make even this vile body shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of his father. O death where is thy sting! O grave where is thy victory!"

Being desired to compose herself to rest: "Rest! no, (said she) do not desire me, my dear. How can I sleep when I see death and glory so near? O! death, how serious a thing; how awful! Nature shrinks at the prospect of the cup. Serious and awful indeed, to appear before an infinitely

infinitely holy jealous God: But yet a faith's view of my Lord and his moſt perfect righteouſneſs, brightens the ſcene, and diſpels all my fears. Oh! glory how delightful, even in contemplation! Death is but a bridge, a ſtep, when I look at the land of glory on the other ſide. Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly; make no long tarrying, O my God."

Not long after ſhe fell into a ſwoon, and her huſband apprehenſive ſhe was not far from death, kneeled down and began to pray. He had not ſpoken many ſentences, when his well-known voice in that duty, rouſed her from the fit; ſhe catched the words from his lips, and prayed along with him. When he had done, ſhe ſaid: "My dear, it was cruel, it was cruel; I was juſt entering the threſhold of glory, and you have prayed me back to life."

For three hours before ſhe died, ſhe ſpoke little; but what words ſhe dropped, breathed the ſame heavenly temper with the above; and after lying ſweetly compoſed for ſome time, ſhe ſleeped in Jeſus, about half an hour after one o'clock on Monday morning the 29th of April 1771, with a ſmile upon her countenance.

At her own deſire, ſhe was buried in her father's grave in Bunhill-fields, the Friday after. The following epitaph by Dr. Watts ſhe was peculiarly

peculiarly fond of, and uſed to repeat with great pleaſure. To none could it be more applicable than to herſelf.

A ſoul prepar'd needs no delays,
The ſummons come, the ſaint obeys:
Swift was her flight, and ſhort the road,
She clos'd her eyes, and ſaw her God.
The fleſh reſts here, till Jeſus come,
And claims the treaſure from the tomb.

THUS lived and thus died one of the moſt amiable of her ſex, in perſon, mind, and manners; and her death, it is hoped, will be a living ſermon to all, into whoſe hands theſe pages ſhall come.

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FINIS.